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upon the state of their respective classes; the medical pupils, to the number of 250, occupied the adjacent benches—they were not of course so very young, being students of much proficiency in the medical sciences; 22 might be about the average of their ages, as well as I could conjecture from their countenances—pale with study and apprehension; their appearance was not therefore hailed with such rapturous enthusiasm—nor did it excite so tender an interest in the audience, as if they had been some half-dozen years younger. Still they were loudly and heartily applauded. Once, indeed, a very young lad being called forth to receive a medal, was greeted with tremendous applause by his fellow-students: he seemed to be an especial favourite, and more, he seemed to feel the full value of their good opinion—for, when he came forward, instead of bowing to the council, he turned round, like an honest, manly fellow, and bowed to his brother students. This circumstance afforded an opportunity to the eloquent chairman of paying the happiest and the justest compliment I ever listened to.—Upon the whole, however, this was not a very imposing spectacle—there was no effort at grandeur or magnificence—no false glare, or mere show—no attempt to dazzle and delude the public; the ceremony brought home to the breasts of the spectators this important truth, that the place where they sat was an institution of great practical utility, and possessing every facility of imparting sound knowledge, and a beneficial professional education.

The professors gave glowing descriptions of the attainments and perseverance of their pupils. Professor Patterson made one rather startling announcement—namely, that the candidates for his prizes had *written* 1200 *quarto* pages. It was, however, heard with pleasure that the heads of the College of Surgeons had declared, that no candidates had ever appeared before them who answered with such marked ability as those who came from the University of London. The conduct of the chairman it was which chiefly gave life and interest to the scene—it was, in truth, beyond all praise; in appearance, language and manner, he was the reverse of Earl Grey: the behaviour of the peer was cold and stiff—that of the commoner cheering and encouraging. Young and handsome, his graceful figure and expressive countenance fascinated every eye; his face and changing complexion proved that he felt a warm interest in what was passing around him;—he almost anticipated the candidate, and his hand was stretched out to give, before the pupil was ready to receive; but he did not content himself with merely giving—he stood up, on each occasion, and with a clear voice, and in the most engaging manner, bestowed a well-timed panegyric, which seemed to be more valued by the delighted student than the gold medal itself. The presence of mind which the hon. baronet displayed on each occasion was really surprising. Not less than 30 pupils came before him, and for each he had something original and excellent—sometimes suggested by the accidental circumstance of unusual applause, but generally prompted by the Latin motto, which supplied him with a happy classical allusion. When the details were gone through, he concisely addressed the meeting in as appropriate, as eloquent, and as touching a speech, as ever I listened to: it made a deep impression on all who heard it; he delivered his sentiments with the ease and fluency of an accomplished speaker, with the

exactness of a scholar, and the composure of a gentleman. The part of his address which affected me most was, that in which he warned his young hearers against the evils, and the mental reproaches, inseparable upon lost time; and gave us an example himself, and that without the least appearance of vanity or affectation; he declared, with sincerity, that he now, in every hour of his public life, bitterly repented the time he had lost at Oxford, in the pursuit of vain pleasure; and implored his young hearers to profit by the result of his experience—and this after he had, only the night before, signalized himself, in the House of Commons, by the delivery of one of the ablest speeches made throughout the session—(for those who wish to form some idea of his parliamentary eloquence, we refer to a preceding No. of the *Gazette*)—he eulogised the system of education pursued in Edinburgh; and illustrated his opinion by the splendid career of Horner and Brougham, who were only two from amongst the many distinguished pupils I sent forth. An address of this description, it is needless to say, produced a vast sensation amongst such an audience, and in such a place.

Doctor Birkbeck also addressed the students, (he is a calm, philosophical, scholar-like sort of person,) and spoke with great mildness and good sense.

J. W.

HORÆ GERMANICÆ.

DER FREISCHÜTZ.

My dear President,

Notwithstanding the acknowledged similarity between the English and German languages, and notwithstanding, also, my unwillingness to contradict generally received opinions, I consider it my painful duty to announce that “Der Freischütz” does *not* mean *fried shots*; neither has it the most remote pretension to be rendered into our vernacular, by that happy alternative “the seventh bullet!” which the concoctors of some of the English play-bills have been considerate enough to offer to their readers, unlearned in the tongues.

The word Freischütz, as you, Oh invisible and most literary president! are full well aware, is a compound, the literal English translation of which is free-shooter, or free-archer; a harmless appellation enough in itself, and which does not appear necessarily to imply any connection between him who bears it, and the powers of darkness; unless, indeed, we were to suppose a Society of Free-shooters existing in Germany, who maintained the same correspondence with Zamiel, which is sometimes hinted to subsist at home, between our own free-masons and the evil one. There is, however, as far as I have been able to ascertain, no such society; and it is some consolation to know that the term Freischütz is nearly as little understood on the Continent as it is here. One *German* of whom I asked its signification, told me it meant a poacher, another assured me it meant a game-keeper! I came to the conclusion that it could mean neither, and that my informants were ashamed to confess their ignorance.

“What then,” methinks I hear you, in a tone of dignity, demanding from your lofty chair of state, “has been the result of *your* cogitations as to the true meaning of the phrase?” and here, I beg you will imagine that I assume an expression of great diffidence and

humility, such as might become Ariel, the messenger of Prospero, when returning to the presence of his master, after an unsuccessful mission in the air; my *speculations* are at your service.

The Germans are notoriously good riflemen, and in almost every village of that country, there is an annual game or pastime, of very ancient origin, called *Freischiessen* (free-shooting) which consists in firing with rifles at a target, and was probably first established to produce emulation and consequent excellence in the use of fire-arms. When I first saw it, it reminded me of Sir Walter Scott’s description of the festival of the Popinjay; and here the most successful shot is called the king of the *Freischiessen*, as, in the other case, he used to be termed captain of the Popinjay. The opera of which we are treating, does, in fact, open with a representation of this sport, in which the royal honors of the game are adjudged to the peasant Kilian, to the no small mortification of poor Max.

I humbly conceive, therefore, that if the title of the piece be intended to apply to this latter character, it means nothing more than one who practises or takes part in the amusement of the *Freischiessen*; if, on the other hand, it applies to Caspar, it is possible it may have a more sinister signification, and have reference to the licentious or unallowed means by which he secures his success as a sportsman: the expression *Freibooter* (free-booter) for instance, implies criminal practices on the part of him to whom it applies; and the word *Freikugel* (free-bullet) occurs in this Opera, meaning, as the Scotch would say, a bullet that is *na’ canny*. The word Freischütz, in fact, appears to have been coined expressly for this Opera, and let Herr Kind tell us, if he please, what he means by it.

I promised in my last to give you a translation from the original, of what I consider an excellent scene between Max and Caspar, and concerning which, I hope, both yourself and the public are experiencing a becoming degree of impatient anxiety; but, as I love “to do all things in order,” and having, with the little learning I possess, translated for your proper gratification, the first scene of Kind’s Freischütz, (for Weber has nothing to do with this scene, it not forming part of the musical composition, and never, indeed, having been represented on any theatre, even in Germany,) I shall commence my extracts at the beginning, promising faithfully the scene to which I have already alluded, in my next.

I should not perhaps have thought the following scene sufficiently important to communicate, had I not been struck some time ago, when reading in a number of the Edinburgh Literary Journal, a Review of a Drama called “Aloyse,” with the similarity which a scene there extracted, bears to the first scene of the Freischütz; and although I have become convinced, on comparison, that the similarity is accidental, yet I think it sufficiently remarkable to excite surprise.

Independently of this circumstance however, the scene seems to me a pretty introduction to the Opera, without which, indeed, as the author, M. Kind, expresses himself with much naïveté, the Hermit coming in so unexpectedly among the *Dramatis Personæ* at the conclusion of the piece, has all the appearance of a *Deus ex Machina*! The scene is also necessary to account for the virtue which the

roses, of which the Virgin-wreath is composed, possess, in protecting the heroine from the effects of the fatal bullet fired by her lover in the last scene.

R.

DER FREISCHUTZ.

ACT 1ST.—SCENE 1ST.

[A woody country, with a hermitage; near which is an altar of moss; behind this a crucifix, completely surrounded by white roses in full blossom.]

Hermit (kneeling before the altar)
All Merciful! in good abounding,
Whose praise in heaven and earth is sounding,
Hear thy suppliant impart
The homage of a grateful heart.

[Folds his hands, and supports his face upon the altar, in the attitude of prayer: a pause, during which music. The Hermit then raises his head hastily, with a convulsive action, as if much alarmed.]

Hermit—O vision, dreadful to the eye;—
Avert it! Mighty Lord on high!
I saw—(why does my weak frame shudder?)—
I saw the Fiend of Darkness mutter.
With joyful and malicious eye,
He stretched—(I feel my heart's blood freeze)—
He stretched his giant arm to seize
A pure, and yet unspotted lamb;
'Twas Agatha—his eager palm
Seem'd, too, with anxious greed to watch
Her lover, and his soul to snatch.
Already his dark visage seem'd
With hot and damning joy inflamed.

[With fervent devotion.]

Lord! accept an old man's prayer,
Avert, avert, this deed of fear;
Protect them, Father, in that hour,
From the Arch-fiend's craft and power.

[He rises, and advances.]

What could it be?—I feel as if I had been buried,
And were now again restored to light. My life is solitary,
and my couch is hard; the blood creeps coldly in the old man's veins; then visions come from God. Oh all ye saints! for three days I have not seen Agatha, and already does the shadow of the cloister-bell appear on yonder bushes, and announce the approach of evening. But yonder—if my eyes deceive me not—Yes, 'tis she.

[Enter Agatha with a jug of milk; Anna follows her with a small basket, which she delivers to Agatha as she enters.]

Agatha (to Anna)—Thanks, Anna.

[Exit Anna.]

Hermit—Blessings on my daughter; thou hast tarried long.

Agatha—But you are well, I hope, my reverend father? I should have come yesterday, or the day before, but this fruit, which I had reserved for you, would not ripen sooner. There father, and take this bread, and this little pitcher of milk—other refreshments, you know, you will not allow me to bring you.

Hermit—The fruits are choice ones; thou dost provide for me like a daughter.

Agatha—And indeed I do love you, after my own father, more than any one.

Hermit—Were that true, what would thy Max say? Agatha—Nay, but that different; I spoke of filial affection only; you jest with me, you are unusually cheerful to-day.

Hermit (aside)—How is she mistaken. But thy Max is well, I trust?

Agatha—Quite so; except that he is apprehensive for the success of the trial-shot which he is to perform to-morrow.

Hermit—I have heard of it; hast thou no melancholy forebodings?

Agatha—At times, perhaps, when Max looks at me so sorrowfully.

Hermit—It grieves my heart to chase away thy cheerfulness, even for a moment; yet I am unable to conceal—

Agatha—Oh speak, reverend father; whatever comes from you, can serve only for my good.

Hermit—I cannot tell thee the precise danger which threatens thee and thy betrothed; but I have beheld a vision, which has made me unusually concerned.

Agatha (alarmed)—What have you seen?

Hermit—Visions usually indicate the future but in an uncertain twilight; and mine was of this nature.

Agatha—Then let my own and Max's happiness be doubly recommended to your pious intercession; say, will you not grant this request?

Hermit—I am but a poor, weak mortal; but of my prayers you may rest assured.

Agatha—Then, I am full of hope.

Hermit—Faithfully preserve the purity of thine own heart, so will the Almighty preserve thee.

Agatha—Farewell, then, reverend father, and forget me not in your affection.

Hermit—God be with thee, my daughter.

[Agatha is going, he calls her back.]

Agatha!

Agatha (returning)—Have you anything farther to say to me?

Hermit—A secret voice commands me not to dismiss thee, to-day, without a charm to shelter thee from evil. This rose-bush, the first slip of which a pilgrim brought with him from Palestine, and gave my predecessor, has grown up wondrously beautiful. Its blossoms richly each succeeding year; I collect and press its leaves, and the country people ascribe many healing and salutary virtues to the rose-water which is distilled from them. Take, therefore, some of these roses as your marriage present from my fatherly affection.

[The Hermit breaks off some roses, and joins them into a bouquet, which he delivers to Agatha at the conclusion of the following Duett.]

Hermit—Accept the gift which friendship proffers,
Chaste and fair like thee.

Agatha—Far more than all that fortune offers,
Shall it be dear to me.

Hermit—And should the blossom fade,
Then think my lovely maid,
That all on earth must perish.

Agatha—The leaves I'll watch with care,
Thro' many a distant year,
Remembrance still to cherish.

Hermit—Nor yet remember less,
The roses' leaves to press,
Wherein the virtue lies.

Agatha—So suffering doth prepare
The human heart to share
More pure and lasting joys.

Hermit—Accept the gift which friendship proffers,
Chaste and fair like thee.

Agatha—Far more than all that fortune offers,
Shall it be dear to me.

[Exeunt; the Hermit to his cell, and Agatha through the trees.]

MAY.

From the German of Hagedorn.

BY JOSEPH SNOW.

Resounding wide through wood and vale,
With melting note, the nightingale.
The balmy summer welcomes sweetly in:
Now joyous sings the soaring lark—
Now croaks again the travelling stork,
The startling chatters loud with wild and noisy din.

How cheerful flocks and shepherds seem—
How brightly fields and flowers gleam;
How happy look earth, air, and teeming ground:
The doves redoubled cooings make,
The cool stream seeks the snow-white drake,
The merry sparrow gaily hops around.

How wisely zephyr chose you flower,
To woo, and with with plucking power,
As chance and change with him take place of love:
On sheaf and sprig he flutters free,
Whilst richly robed, in state sits she;
And jealous fears her gentle breast ne'er move.

How blandly now the west wind sighs,
And in life-giving gust soft flings gleams;
O'er mountain shadow, stream, and sounding shore,
Love wakes instinctive in each heart,
And lights his flame in every part,
Where haply ne'er his flames were felt before.

Now range the villagers in rows,
"Each quickly with his partner choose!"
Forth! dancers forth! across flowery fields;
And now, each rustic springs beside,
His sweetheart; round the meadows wide,
In sportive circles, each his fair one wields.

Not bolder, braver, erst did twine
Each Roman round his brown Sabine;
Nor freer, manlier, bore his bride away.
Oh! happy in that land who dwells,
Where sports like these each spirit swells;
For what can equal lusty peasant's play?
Cork, May, 1830.

THE BOY BY THE BROOK.

(From the German of Schiller.)

BY JOSEPH SNOW.

Wreathing garlands, o'er a fountain
Sighing, sate a pensive boy,
As he waded them patient, downwards,
With the dancing waves deploy,*
"Even like those restless waters,
Pass my happiest hours away;
Even as those fleeting flowers,
Fast my youth and hopes decay."

"Ask me not why thus I grieve me,
In life's reft and fiery prime;
All is gladness love and joyous
When appears the sweet spring time;
But the thousand happy heralds,
That then wake the world to life,
Wake but in this wearied bosom
Sorrow sore, and ceaseless strife."

* Deploy is a bad word, introduced to make out the rhyme, but I could not find a better.

"What to me boot all the pleasures,
With which bounteous nature teems?
One alone I see! though distant,
Near to me she ever seems:
Forth I stretch mine anxious arms,
To that lovely phantom fair,
But in vain they cannot reach her,
And I sink in dark despair."

"Come thou down, thou loveliest loved one,
Leave, oh! leave thy lordly halls,
Every blossom that Spring beareth,
Shall be strewed where thy foot falls:
Hark! the groves with song resounding,
See the streamlet sparkling swell,
Oh! in humble hut, how happy
May two linked hearts, loving, dwell."
Cork, May, 1830.

THE TRIGONOMETRICAL SURVEY OF IRELAND.

THE British government has long been desirous to possess an accurate field-survey of the united kingdom, on a scale of sufficient magnitude, to exhibit clearly the divisions of private property, and to describe the quality and other minute details of the principal divisions of large estates. For this purpose, the survey of England was commenced many years ago, under the superintendence of a corps of experienced military and civil engineers.

The leading points for the completion of the map of Great Britain having been finished, in 1824 it was thought advisable to extend the survey to Ireland; and the care of the undertaking was intrusted to Col. Colby.

The experience acquired during the survey in England, naturally led to the adoption of means conducive to greater accuracy in a subsequent survey; and some considerable improvements suggested themselves, particularly in measuring a base line—an operation which we shall presently explain.

A considerable number of the English maps have been already published on the scale of one inch to a mile, under the title of the "Ordnance Survey;" and though the scientific skill and practical address with which the great operations of that survey have been conducted, afford a specimen scarcely equalled by any similar undertaking, yet the topographical details have been very generally criticised as insufficient, and by no means commensurate with the excellence of the rest of the work.

It was determined, therefore, to construct the map of Ireland on the scale of six inches to a mile, and great part of the northern district, (as well as smaller portions in the other three provinces,) is already completed and engraved.

The English survey is little more than a splendid map, which gives the roads, the houses, the hills, and the County boundaries: the Irish is truly a territorial survey, giving the acreable contents of each townland, and these divisions are commonly so small, that it resembles in minuteness and accuracy of detail, a survey of a private estate, with the boundaries and quality of almost every field, and the geological properties of each district, distinctly marked.

The principal operations connected with the delineation of a large tract of country, such as a kingdom, are, first, to ascertain certain principal points at great distances from each other, and so disposed, as to their number and position, that if lines be drawn from one to the other, the whole country will be divided into a series of triangles.

This is performed by choosing elevated stations, from which other conspicuous points can be seen, and then measuring the angles under which they appear, with the most accu-